

Sarah J. Stimpson

The Character Builder

DEVOTED TO PERSONAL AND SOCIAL BETTERMENT

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No. 18

When I Am Dead.

When I am dead, if men can say;
"He helped the world upon its way.
With all his faults of word and deed,
Mankind did have some little need
Of what he gave," then in my grave
No greater honor shall I crave.

If they can say—if they but can—
"He did his best; he played the man;
His ways were straight; his soul was
clean;

His failings not unkind nor mean;
He loved his fellow men and tried
To help them," I'll be satisfied.

But when I'm gone, if even one
Can weep because my life is done
And feel the world is something bare
Because I am no longer there—
Call me a knave, my life misspent—
No matter; I shall be content.

—Star.



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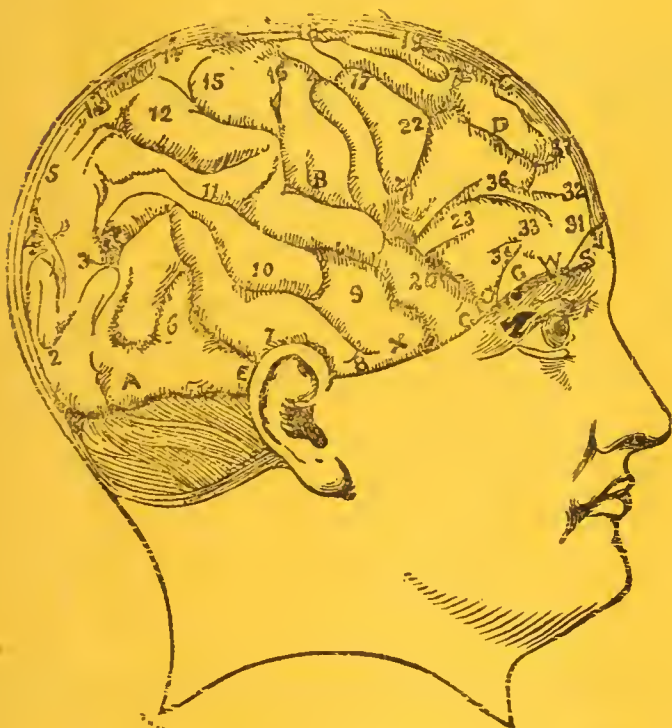
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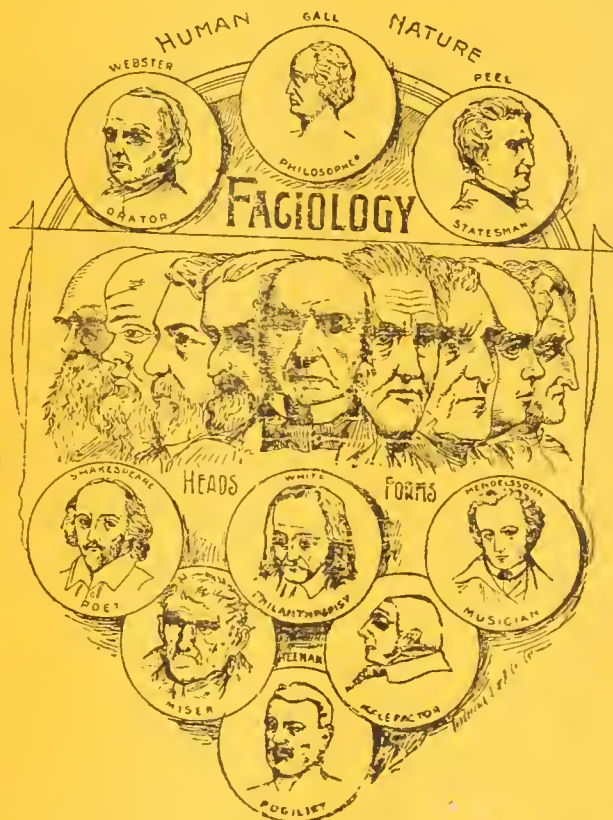
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THE CHARACTER BUILDER

A Human Culture Journal for Everybody

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NO. 18.

Child Culture.

The **gravest** responsibility in all human life is involved in the duty of parents to children. If they neglect the moral education of the child, the result is often a malformed brain that may rule to ruin in after years. By earnest, intelligent effort they may shape the plastic soul into a noble, beautiful character; and Mental Suggestion wisely employed will insure their success in this all-important work. Right thoughts, desires and resolves, often and thoroly impressed on the child's mind and heart, will become integral parts of its soul and the ruling motives of life.

Of the practical results in character building achieved by this method, Professor Newton N. Riddell says: "During the past fifteen years I have had occasion to employ these principles in the education and government of thousands of children, representing all classes and conditions. I have found it possible not only to develop the normal child into a strong, beautiful character, but that in most instances even bad hereditary tendencies can be **largely** overcome and evil acquired traits completely corrected."

Professor Riddell's method is, briefly, as follows: First win the child's love and confidence. Explain to it that you wish to help it develop a noble character, and that if it will

work with you, you will surely succeed. Every morning have it repeat after you these or similar words: "This day, God helping me, I will be good. I will be honest, kind, pure and true. I will do all I can to make others happy. I will not do wrong. I can and will do right." These affirmations should then be sealed in mind and heart by a brief, fervent prayer for divine help and guidance. If the child has any fault to be overcome, earnestly and impressively repeat to it affirmations adapted to its need, and have it also repeat them several times each day and at bedtime every night, but always when it is in a passive, receptive mood. For instance, if it is selfish, say to it: "You will not, you must not be selfish. Deep down in your little heart you are kind and loving. From this time on you will do unto others as you would have them do unto you." If you put your whole soul into these affirmations, believe them yourself, and repeat them a sufficient number of times to make a deep, abiding impression on the child's soul, experience proves that they will almost invariably become controlling factors in its character.

Every child should be governed as largely as possible from within. Teach it to do right for right's sake, not from fear of punishment or hope of reward. Otherwise it goes into the world a prey to its own appetites and an easy

subject to the will of others. Develop its intellect, conscience and love, by constantly appealing to these qualities and making them the ruling motives of conduct. Teach it what is right and wrong, and why. Seek to have it obey its conscience as the voice of God in its soul. Impress upon it that every good thought and act helps to develop a beautiful soul—the one absolutely essential condition of highest happiness in this life and that to come; that every evil thought and act deforms its soul and must inevitably result in misery and unhappiness. Constantly encourage it to do acts of kindness and helpfulness. Teach it the laws of personal purity. Above all, exemplify in your own life what you would have the child become. Your every word and act in its presence helps to make or mar its character. Family jars, nagging, scolding, etc., destroy its finer feelings and aggravate the worst elements in its character. “Like begets like;” an angry word excites anger; love awakens love. By always living, thinking and desiring the noble, the good, and the true, you may most surely create these conditions in your children.

“I think we want to urge most strenuously upon young men the need, the absolute necessity, that in the appointed and demanded work of their life they should look for and should find the joy of their life. To do your work because you must; to do your work as a slavery, and then, having got it done as speedily and easily as possible, to look somewhere else for enjoyment—that makes a very dreary

life. No man who works so does the best work. No man who works so lingers lovingly over his work and asks himself if there is not something he can do to make it more perfect. ‘My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work,’ said Jesus.”—Phillips Brooks.

“To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor’s except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God’s out-of-doors; these are little guideposts on the footpath to peace.”—Henry Van Dyke.

Tubercular Parentage.

Certain authors have made the statement that tuberculosis parents confer on their children an immunity against the contraction of the disease. In twenty years of labor exclusively devoted to tuberculosis patients I have not found the slightest evidence for this deduction. On the contrary, I have found children of tuberculosis parents, owing to their inherited physiological poverty, anything but immune.—S. A. Knopf, M. D., Address Given at Johns Hopkins Hospital.

A RICH PESSIMIST.

According to newspaper reports, Stuyvesant Fish, former president of the Illinois Central Railroad, does not see bright things ahead of us. He considers it as great a hardship for a man who has been drawing a salary of \$250,000 a year to live on a salary of \$50,000 a year as for a man who has had a salary of \$15 a week to have his income reduced to \$10 a week. If the outlook is as gloomy as Mr. Fish sees it, many of the extravagant Americans may be compelled to practice economy more than they have since the panic of last fall. We who have been pinched by economy and poverty during the time of prosperity have become so accustomed to the pinch that a little additional pressure does not hurt as much as where people have had every luxury that they desired and must now be content with the real necessities. People who required a salary of \$250,000 a year for living expenses and are now reduced to \$50,000 a year are deserving of pity. It will not create much respect for the wealthy among the poor, who can with difficulty get food, clothing and shelter, when they hear complaints from a family that must live on \$50,000 a year. There is no cause for wonder at the social unrest and dissatisfaction with present conditions when a few live in such an extravagant manner and the masses find it a constant struggle to get enough to keep body and soul together.

It is reported that Mr. Fish gave the following pessimistic statement:

"In my opinion it is really harder for persons who have had an income of say \$250,000 a year to come down to live on a \$50,000 a year basis, than

a man who has been earning \$15 a week to accustom himself to living on \$10 a week.

"There is no indication of a revival of business. I base my observation on conditions as they exist in Newport. Wealthy persons there are not paying cash for their customary expenses, but are stretching their credit as far as possible.

"There are many who are unable to find the needed cash."

Having stated the outlook as one who looks through a cottage window at Newport, Mr. Fish continued:

"The railroads this year will show big earnings, but the net earnings will be low, this being due to the excessive wages demanded by labor. There are signs of splendid crops, but the farmers will get most of the profits. The army of unemployed will grow. Every rich man who will stay in this country will be heavily begged for campaign contributions on the plea that some candidate will be elected that can restore normal conditions. I look for a louder chorus of the hard times cry."

"Laura," growled the husband, "what have you taken all my clothes out of the closet for?"

"Now, there's no use in your making any fuss about it, George," said his wife, with a note of defiance in her voice. "I just had to have some place where I could hang my new spring hat."—Chicago Tribune.

Cures That Slowly Kill.

"According to the findings of life insurance statisticians, one-fourth of all who have typhoid fever and 'recover,' die prematurely of consumption! So that, of the 200,000 typhoid fever patients who do not die of the disease and the treatment, about 50,000 die of consumption, making, all told, 95,000 needless deaths every year from this one disease."—Prof. Victor C. Vaughan of the University of Michigan.

And, practically, all this reasoning applies, more or less emphatically to all the acute diseases. Each of these diseases kills a few; bad treatment kills many and injures the prospect of future health in all cases, as we have seen it true in typhoid fever.—Dr. Charles E. Page.

Humorous Ideas.

Drivel—That man you were just talking to has had seven wives.

Frivol—Don't say? What business did you say he followed?

Drivel—To the best of my knowledge he has been a railroad conductor all his days.

Frivol—That accounts for it; he has acquired a chronic habit of collecting the fair.—Ex.

Mike: "I hear you have a fine job, Pat."

Pat: "I have that—draft clerk in the East Hall."

Mike: "And what's that?"

Pat: "I open and shut the windows."—Ex.

Coal-Tar Medicine.

In the matter of the coal-tar products the medical profession has been guilty of that fault for which they have so often criticised the laity—enthusiasm for drugs. When the coal-tar products were first introduced into medicine, extravagant claims were made for their therapeutic value, so that they began to be used by the laity as well as by the profession. This use soon became indiscriminate. The result has been productive of much harm.—The Liberator.

Marriage Promotes Longevity.

As a rule people live longer when married. Loneliness is opposed to good digestion. A person who seeks company outside of home, visiting friends all the time, squanders instead of increasing vital force. There is nothing to equal the contentment and beauty of a true home. Marriage is an incentive to the cultivation of all our better feelings, developing benevolence, conscientiousness, friendship and love of children; and, having a well-developed and well-poised character, we ought to live longer.—Phrenological Journal.

Care must be taken under the stress and pressure that we do not run our educational train beyond the safety limit of speed and wreck the lives of the passengers upon the rocks of shattered nerves and chronic disease.—Superintendent A. H. Keyes.

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EDITORIAL.

"They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the thots they needs must
think."

ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

Many of the towns of the intermountain west, with a population of 1,500 to 2,000, as well as the larger ones, are getting electric light plants. Some of the plants are owned by private corporations; others are conducted by towns themselves. Although the cost of constructing and maintaining the plants in towns of the same size and similarly located does not differ very much, there is a great difference in the price charged the customers for the light. The price charged in a number of

towns is \$1 per month for three sixteen-candlepower lights. In Logan the citizens have been getting their lights at 10 cents each per month, on account of the competition of the city with a private corporation, that reduced the price to 5 cents a light, after giving a service that was so unsatisfactory to the citizens that they decided to build their own plant. This competition has gone on for more than two years and has placed the citizens' plant at a disadvantage.

In Salt Lake City the citizens were taxed 15 cents per 1,000 watts until a few years ago, when it was reduced to 11 cents per 1,000 watts by the private company that owns the plant. In Mt. Pleasant and Manti, where the plants are owned by private corporations, the light is 7 cents per 1,000 watts, while in Ephraim, where conditions are similar and the plant is owned by the city, the light is 5 cents per 1,000 watts. The street lights alone, at the rate paid for light in other cities, would pay for the plant in less than twenty-five years. The minimum rate in Ephraim is 60 cents per month; one patron, who has eleven lights in his house, told the writer that his light bill has never been more than 74 cents per month. Almost every home in the city has the lights, because at the rate of 25 cents each per month for each sixteen-candlepower light, this necessity is brought within the reach of the poorest of the poor.

The Ephraim plant cost less than \$30,000. In order to raise the money the city was bonded for \$12,000; the city borrowed \$7,911.06, and the balance was raised through taxation. The city has 150 fifty-candlepower lights and sixteen arc lamps for lighting the streets, and the receipts for the lights

used by the citizens amount to \$300 a month. The operating and maintenance expenses are \$130 a month. The citizens are well pleased with their investment; their light costs them a little more than half as much as in towns where the plants are operated by private corporations, and at the same time the plant is a source of revenue to the city of Ephraim.

A comparison of results where these public enterprises are conducted by private corporations and where they are conducted by the city leads to the conviction that it is most satisfactory and economical for the city to conduct its own power plants. As long as it is profitable for private individuals or corporations to conduct public enterprises, there will be some trying to get franchises and trying to convince the people that the public ownership of public utilities is not profitable or practicable. But some of the people are beginning to do their own thinking, and find that much of the false logic of the past is being demolished by experience.

DANGER OF FLIES.

The Utah State Board of Health has sent a circular to all local health officers declaring war against the house fly, because it is claimed that the fly carries disease germs. This is literally screening out flies and swallowing camels. As long as we can remember, people have waged war against the fly, not because they feared that flies would carry germs, but because they were unpleasant companions. It is all very well for health officers to be germ-killers; but if they wish to ren-

der the people a real service they will organize themselves into a health-culture body and teach the people how to build up their vitality to a standard where they will not become the victims of all kinds of disease. Every intelligent physician knows that contagious diseases may be prevented thru the observance of the laws of hygiene and sanitary science, but the methods used in the past by health boards have not reduced the prevalence or danger of these diseases. If our health officers desire to be of real service to the people, they should make a strenuous and continued effort to educate them in the principles of right living. Many of the people have never had instruction in the principles of hygiene and sanitary science; they follow the wrong habits of their ancestors in eating, dressing, thinking, breathing vitiated air, etc. Positive instruction in these things would be the most effective means of starting them in habits that will result in health. If the willing cooperation of the citizens can be obtained, much more will be accomplished than where no effort is made to remove the real causes of disease, and the attention of the public is drawn to things of minor importance. No intelligent person will deny that there is much unnecessary disease and many unnecessary deaths in every part of civilization, and all should unite in removing the causes.

Gladstone, England's great Prime Minister, said: "As an explanation of mind and character the phrenological system of mental philosophy is as far superior to all others as the electric light is to the tallow dip."

YOUTHS DEPARTMENT

Story of Two Girls.

Continued from page 229

"No, I never drink it," said she.

"How do you do it?" asked Cherry.

"Wear my clothes like this," said Miss Chester, catching hold of a portion of the front of her dress and holding it away from her, then breathing out so the girls could see the movement of the lower part of the body. "You see, I breathe clear down."

"Then you're not really so big around as you look," exclaimed Hazel, opening her eyes.

"Perhaps not," said Miss Chester, laughing. "At any rate, I give myself plenty of room."

"And I can scarcely get my hand inside my belt," said Cherry: "but mamma tells me it is proper for young ladies to wear their clothes tight, and that I shall soon get used to them."

"On our way back, I am going to tell you girls some of my experience if you will listen. If I were you, tho, I should loosen my clothing for this walk. I believe you can stand it better."

"I know I can," said Cherry, "and my belt ribbon is long, so it will hide where the dress is unfastened."

"But," Hazel said, "I am used to mine, and feel more comfortable with them tight. I don't get so tired as Cherry, anyway."

Onward, slowly, they climbed, reached the top, rested, went down the other side, which was short and steep—a restful change. Now their way lay up thru the ravine where the

boys had found the primroses. It was a long hollow, gradually sloping uphill.

"It was just the time of year when the bushes are delicately green, and as they passt along, the girls remarked to each other the graceful bushes and pretty shrubs; or shared glimpses of tiny, half-hidden nooks of moss and slender grasses. Sly lizards scaled the big bare rocks, and once Hazel saw "the cutest little chipmunk" eyeing them from a pile of stones. Cherry happily came upon a most beautiful primrose, which they all enjoyed the beauty of as it grew on the ground before Cherry plucked it, selfishly as she said. Hazel could not forbear expressing her delight with this walk in the hills, after all.

Finally, emerging from between the hills, they came upon a number of little sandy knolls. In passing over or around these they saw some boys coming down one of them. At sight of the girls, the boys came on faster to meet them.

"Want some pine gum, Miss Chester? Do you like pine gum, Cherry? Shall we give any to this worthless Hazel?" With such merry salutations the boys produced handfuls of it.

"We got it on those high hills over there, where there are pine trees," said Bernard.

"Yes, and we've been to heaven," chimed in Frank.

The girls looked bewildered. "I didn't know you were good enough to go there," said Miss Chester.

"Well, if you don't believe it, we can prove it, for we brot stars with us," declared Henry.

The boys now displayed some chipped-off pieces of sandrock containing the tiny shapes of stars and jointed stalks.

"Oh, these are the work of tiny sea animals ages ago, aren't they?" exclaimed Cherry.

"That's what they are," assented Henry. "Took the lime out of the water to do it."

"It's hard to believe water could ever have been over this country," said Hazel.

"If it hadn't the animals could never have left shells like this," asserted Henry. "We found pieces with these stars in just thick over there."

"You girls may have some of our specimens if you like, and you won't need to take the journey over there," one of the boys generously offered. The girls accepted gladly.

As the boys were on their way to see the Indian hieroglyphics, most of them struck out at a good pace. Bernard and Frank remained to walk with the girls.

Arriving at the place of the Indian picture writing, they found it fully as interesting as they had imagined. A curious thing was their illustration of an Indian's having killed six deer. The deer were drawn on the rock much as a 5-year-old child might have drawn them, and the brave warrior himself was represented by means of not more than half a dozen lines.

At this place the girls opened their lunch boxes, sharing sandwiches and cake with the two boys who had accompanied them. And here, also,

they spent an idle, restful hour lolling on the sand.

Bernard and Frank now agreed to walk on a little way with the girls and show them a route to town by which they would pass thru the meadows, where both blue and yellow violets grew.

Going thither, they gathered many wild flowers. Miss Chester wished to press hers for the botany class, but the two girls picked theirs because they were pretty. As they came into view of the meadows, they received directions from the boys regarding the road to follow, and proceeded the rest of the way by themselves.

"This is a lovely place to rest, Miss Chester," said Hazel, stopping in a shady, grassy place near the foot of the hill. "I'm just petered out."

"It's all right with me. How do you feel, Cherry?"

"Well, I'm tired enough to rest, but not half so tired as I expected to be."

"It's practical proof of how clothing affects us, isn't it?" asked Miss Chester.

"They never did feel comfortable," said Cherry.

"Miss Chester," said Cherry again, "after a few moments' silence, 'couldn't you tell us some of your experience now? It's pleasant to listen while we rest, and we have a pretty view of the town.'"

"I shall be glad to, and only hope you will receive it in the spirit in which I give it. If I can help you to make your life more complete and full of joy, I want to do it. It would not be right for me to keep the good things all to myself. I sometimes think if all girls had a good, old-fashioned grandpa such as I had, that we would

all follow a different style.

"On the day that I was fifteen, my mother said to me: 'Mattie, my girl, you are now no longer a child, and I have let you run wild about as long as good sense will permit; and now today, on your birthday, we are going to make a young lady of you. See what I have brot you.'

"She then unfolded to my view a dainty little girdle trimmed with pink ribbon. She and my aunt fitted them on me, and put on a fresh gingham dress, after first taking the skirt in at the waist line.

"'Hasn't she a most perfect figure?' my aunt said. They were delighted.

"'It looks better,' I said, 'but it is hard to breathe.'

"Everyone finds it that way at first, but you will get used to them,' they told me. (Like the cigarette smoker—makes him sick at first, but he gets used to it, then thinks it does not hurt him because he doesn't notice the immediate effects.)

"Well, I felt quite proud of myself that day, but was annoyed that I could not move as freely as before. Toward evening, as I walked down the street, my grandfather stood in his girl,' said he.

"He drew me into the shade of some lilac trees, and, holding me at arms' length, he said: 'Who has dressed thee oop like this?'

"I told him, garden, watering flowers.

"At sight of me, he suddenly stopped in his work. 'Come in, my

"'Doost thee feel coomfortable?' he demanded next. He was a queer talking old Englishman.

"I answered, 'No.'

"'Doost thee think, child, that our Heavenly Father made a mistake when he made thee?' was his next question.

"'N—no,' I answered, almost trembling.

"'Then, my little girl, if thee wants thy Father in Heaven to bless thee with health and strength and long life, and if thee wants to be a great and good woman, and a happy mother, get thee home, and get these things off, and never poot them on again. Wilt thee do this?'

"My grandfather was a patriarch of the church to which I belong, and he spoke like one having authority. I promised that I would.

"He kissed me then, and said: 'If thee keeps thy promise, the roses will always bloom in thy cheeks, and thy face shall shine with the spirit of God; for thee wilt not be a sickly, ailing woman, but will always be strong and well. And some good man wilt loove thee for thy indoostry and thy purity.'

"His words sank deep into my heart, and I went home and did as he bade me. My mother scolded me, and when that had no effect on me, she grieved over it. I felt badly on that account, but my mother did not realize that they would harm me, for she had not been taught anything of hygiene and physiology. However, I would not give in. I believed it was my duty to obey my grandfather before my mother because reason told me he was right. He afterwards gave me a book for girls, from which I learned the full reasons why we should wear the clothing loose. I tried to explain it to my mother, and partly convinced her that I was right."

"Where could I get a book like that?" asked Cherry.

"You may take mine."

Cherry thanked her sincerely.

"I've had enough rest now," said Hazel, rising. Miss Chester and Cherry followed.

"I'm going to look for violets over here," exclaimed Cherry, as they came into the road. So saying she skipped in the opposite direction toward a black, muddy slough, bordered on each side by scrubby willows.

"There are the dearest violets here," called Cherry.

"Bring us some," Hazel answered back.

Miss Chester and Hazel stood watching her, as she twisted around a clump of willows. Suddenly they saw her raise her hands, dropping the violets, and a sharp, frightened cry broke from her.

The two girls ran toward the place. Cherry turned, white with fear, in their direction, only to stop again and utter a suppressed cry. She cast her eyes about wildly, then made a flying leap, cleared the slough, stumbled and fell. In a trice Miss Chester had her in her arms, and laid her on the grass by the road.

"What can be the matter?" ejaculated Hazel. "What frightened you, Cherry?"

Cherry was now sobbing on Miss Chester's breast.

"It's foolish of me to cry," sobbed she, "but I was so frightened, and I hurt me when I fell."

"What was it in the slough?" again queried Hazel.

"Snakes."

"Ugh!" exclaimed the other two.

"I'll tell you how it was," said

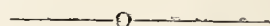
Cherry, sitting up. "I saw a group of pretty violets underneath some willows, and started toward them, when I saw right before me in the willows where I was just going to catch hold to support me, a sleek little brown snake with stripes running lengthwise, and it had such bright eyes. I turned to run, and there in the opposite clump of willows I saw one identically like the other, curving its head around at me. I couldn't get through the black mud, and I was so frightened I didn't know what to do. In a second, the snake left the willows, and I rushed past. The scare made me so I couldn't help but cry.

"Crying isn't much," said Hazel. "I know I should have fainted."

"Anyone would have been afraid," said Miss Chester, "but after all I believe they were harmless water snakes."

"But I never saw them before," Cherry explained.

The hunt for violets was no longer thought of, and no time was lost in getting to town.



Let none of us waste our energies in discontent because of things we cannot have. The greatest things in the world are free to all. There are no pictures so beautiful as those hung on Nature's walls by the Master Painter, and which our eyes rest upon daily in sky, or sunset, or forest. If we feel the need of a friend and of consolation the free libraries can supply it, aside from a world full of people who stand ready to bestow their friendship or their love; churches and schools also extend welcome with open door. Surely the best of everything is free. Then let us cease our wretchedness, look up, and be grateful.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

REVERIE IN CHURCH.

'Too early, of course! How provoking!
I told Ma just how it would be.
I might as well have on a wrapper.

For there's not a soul here yet to see.
'There! Sue Dephaine's pew is empty—
I declare, if it isn't too bad!
I know my suit cost more than her's
did.

And I wanted to see her look mad.
I do think that sexton's too stupid—
He's put someone else in our pew:
And the girl's dress kills mine com-
pletely:

Now, what am I going to do?
'The psalter, and Sue isn't here yet!
I don't care, I think it's a sin
For people to get late to service.

Just to make a great show coming in.
Perhaps she's sick and can't get here:
She said she'd a headache last night.
How mad she'd be after her fussing!

I declare, it would serve her just
right.

Oh, you're here at last, are you?

Well, I don't think you need be so
proud

Of that bonnet if Virot did make it—

It's horrid! fast-looking and loud.
What a dress!—for a girl in her senses
To go on the street in light blue—
And those coat sleeves—worn last sum-
mer—

Don't doubt, though, she thinks
they're new.

Mrs. Gray's polonaise was imported—
So dreadful!—a minister's wife.

And thinking so much about fashions!
A pretty example of life!

The altar is dressed sweetly—I wonder
Who sent those white flowers for the
font?

Some girl who's gone on the assistant:
Don't doubt it was Bessie Lamont.
Just look at her now, little humbug!

So devout.—I suppose she don't
know

'That's she bending her head too far
over,

And the ends of her switches all
show!

What a sight Mrs. Ward is this morn-
ing!

'That woman will kill me some day!
With her horrible lilacs and crimsons:
Why do these old things dress so
gay?

And there is Jenny Well with Fred
Tracy—

She's engaged to him now—horrid
thing!

Dear me! I'd keep on my gloves some-
times,

• If I did have a solitaire ring!

How can this girl next to me act so—
The way she turns round and stares:
And then makes remarks about people:
She'd better be saying her prayers.

Oh, dear! What a dreadful long ser-
mon!

He must love to hear himself talk!

It's after twelve now—how provoking!
I wanted to have a nice walk.

Through at last! Well, it isn't so
dreadful

After all, for we don't dine till one:
How can people say church is poky!

So wicked!—I think it's real fun.

—George A. B.

The Pioneer Day.

All honor and praise to the pioneer
band,
Who, thru toil and peril, first entered
this land;
Climbed Ensign Peak and unfurled to
view,
That glorious flag of red, white and
blue.

Crossed desert and plain, climbed
mountain and hill,
Built bridges and ferries, worked with
a will.

The desert they changed to a blossom-
ing rose,
Where the land was barren, now
everything grows.

All honor and praise, I say, let there
be
To those pioneers of the inland sea.
May their glory brighten as the years
roll by,
As they dwell in peace beyond the
vaulted sky.

May we e're keep in mind what to us
has been given;
The blessings of earth and the bless-
ings of heaven.

And honor each year in the most fit-
ting way

The pioneers and the pioneer day.
—Exchange.

Whineyboy and Smileyboy.

Little Mr. Whineyboy came to town
one day,
Riding on a Growleycub, screaming all
the way.

Howlyberries in his hat,
Screecher leaves atop o' that,
Round his neck a ring o' squeals,

Whineywhiners on his heels.
What do you think!—that awful day
Everybody ran away!
Little Mr. Smileyboy came to town one
day,

Riding on a Grinnergrif, laughing all
the way,

Not a body ran away!
Chuckleberries in his hat,
Jolly leaves atop o' that,
Round his neck a ring o' smiles
All of the "very latest styles."

What do you think?—that happy day
—Charles I. Junkin, in St. Nicholas.

If We Knew Each Other Better.

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives—
See the naked heart and spirit.

Know what spur the action gives—
Often we should find it better,
Purer than we judged we should.
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and gain.
Would the grim external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Would we help where now we hinder?
Would we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source.

Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good.
O, we'd love each other better
If we only understood!

—Selected.

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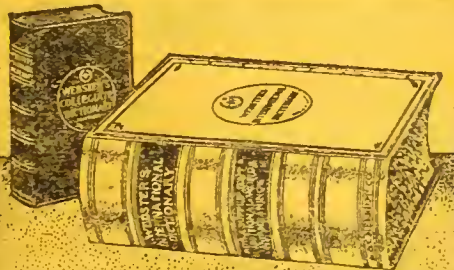


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